

A proper filling trickles in
Of what you've seen and what you've been.
(Grab 'em as they go by! bacon and Bacon and Bach; devour the books and smell the sunlight; treasure every touch of love, hoard each of hatred's hard agates; press it down until you're as full as a Turkish-Napoleon-Armenian pastry, poly-delicious-striated and smelling somewhat of lamb.)

--Robert L. Smith

How It Was

I told her no time
no how
but she only
laughed in her sleeve

and winked a
ten-to-midnight eye
with a flip of
her king-size special.

Later,
by the dawn's early blight,
we huddled in dark ardor,
mixing egos.

--Charles Shaw